

Good Morning 304

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

RON RICHARD'S "SHOP TALK"

E.R.A. ANDREW HOLLAND leaned over the counter on Saturday and told me it was good to be in England again. Although he had been in Germany three years and given it a fair trial, he much preferred to be in Sussex by the sea.

At his Worthing home he recalled to me his capture, when the crew of H.M. Submarine "Shark" was taken aboard a German prison ship in July, 1940.

They met up with several other crews from time to time (though every effort was made to keep submariners as far apart as possible), and in spite of inferior food, he's sure they will all live to tell the tale. He was lousy all the while. In fact, the only time he stopped scratching was during his thirteen operations.

I hope you meet Holland. He will dispel any real horrors of German prison camps, but will nevertheless make you appreciate a nice warm berth for'd.

To his numerous friends, accrued during seventeen years in the Navy, he sends greetings. He hopes to be with you again.



AN emblem I had never previously seen was on the Jolly Roger of H.M. Submarine "Unseen" when she returned home after completing 23,000 miles; it was a diver's helmet, symbolising a record dive for any submarine of her class.

This she did when she was pursued by enemy destroyers and forced to dive to 145 feet below the maximum depth for which she was designed.

Since she left Britain in September, 1942, for the Med., "Unseen" has accounted for 20,000 tons of enemy shipping. Her commanding officer is Lieut. M. L. C. Crawford, D.S.C., R.N., of Southsea.

Sub-Lieut. R. J. Linden, of Knaresborough, Yorkshire, telling of an episode off Sousse, says: "Firing one torpedo, we achieved the rare but happy feat of two at one blow, having sunk a merchantman and a lighter."



ON patrol in the Adriatic, "Unseen" penetrated a screen of two destroyers to torpedo a supply ship. Lieut. Sallis tells what happened then:—

"While returning with prisoners we encountered an anti-submarine schooner, which provided us with probably the most interesting episode of the commission."

"We closed the range and surfaced for a gun action, opening up with our machine-guns to keep the schooner's crew away from their guns while we brought our three guns into action."

"Rather to our surprise, we had only fired one pan when we saw the crew abandoning ship."

"We went alongside, and our boarding party found only two people still on board, the captain and the bo'sun. Unfortunately, the submarine had drifted some distance away from the schooner, and the boarding party had to swim for it."

"Leading Stoker Alfred Symonds, of Weymouth, tried to capture as much of the schooner's small armory as he could, and jumped over the side



E.R.A. ANDREW HOLLAND AND FAMILY

with six rifles and three revolvers slung round his neck. Not until he had sunk two or three fathoms with the weight did he decide to abandon his prize, and it was a chagrined stoker who eventually rose to the surface to be hauled inboard, for he had lost his seaboots, too."



SUB-LIEUT. LINDEN contributes this story:—

"On this particular occasion 'Unseen' went in pursuit of two large landing craft, and sank the leading one with two torpedo hits."

"She just blew up in small pieces. We had only one torpedo left, and were determined to make certain of the craft with it. We followed it to the mainland before we could get in our attack. The vessel was moored alongside a jetty."

"Away went our only fish. It missed the vessel, but hit the jetty, and all that could be seen afterwards was the tangled remains of a jetty, two buildings demolished, six without roofs, and a very much damaged landing craft—not bad work for a miss."

BACON AND CHIPS FOR O/S JOHN

WHILE Ordinary Seaman John Rafferty is playing his part with the Navy, his mother, Mrs. Mary Rafferty, is bravely keeping the home fires burning by working in a pottery, and sister Margaret, though only thirteen, is busy on the kitchen front.

You have every reason to be proud of them both, John. When we paid a visit to your home at 40 Gordon Road, Sandford, Stoke-on-Trent, Margaret was just coming in from school. In businesslike fashion she put on her little apron and got busy with the frying pan. Mother was still at work.

"Tell John when he comes home I'll fry him some bacon and chips," said the little chef of the Rafferty home. "That's what John likes, and we'll see he gets it."

"Every day I cook my own dinner, so I'm getting my hand in. When I get home from school this afternoon I shall cook something for mother. She comes home a bit tired, and I like to have all ready for her so that she can sit down to a nice meal as soon as she comes in."

Well, John, you can rest assured that your mother is in very good hands while you are away. She's fine, Margaret says, and you have nothing to worry about on that score. Little Margaret

RAFFERTY

thinks you're the finest sailor in all the world, and she's as proud of the way your mother keeps the home fires burning as no doubt you are yourself. All send their fondest love, John.
Good Hunting!



I have never been to the Derby in my life
You must be mad.
G. Bernard Shaw
27/5/37.

MONICKERS

MAY MINT MORE MONEY (Web Fawcett tries his hand)

FIVE years ago, when Mussolini was opening an art exhibition in Venice, an Englishman on holiday stepped forward from the crowd with an autograph album—and asked for the Duce's signature.

Mussolini obliged. Five minutes later an American offered the Englishman five pounds for the autograph, and the offer was refused.

Way back in the days of 1939, the erratic twists and

DO YOU KNOW?

When the Niagara Falls are frozen over in mid-winter, mountaineers are able to scale the 162ft.-high walls of icicles.

The Maoris are not strictly aborigines of New Zealand, for they originally migrated to the island from one of the Polynesian group. They number about 65,000, and are adapting themselves successfully to the conditions of civilised life. But up to fifty years ago these brave people were constantly in arms against the Government. They are, of course, fighting with us in the present war, and a Maori soldier has been awarded the Victoria Cross.

with two Arrado 196 close by. I could see that this odd assortment of craft had collected to pick up survivors from the sea," said Lieutenant Piper.

"A very large area was covered with barrels, spars and debris of all kinds, and there were many rubber dinghies, with and without German soldiers on them."

"The temptation to torpedo one of the Dornier flying-boats was very great, but we decided to fire at the R-boat which was packed with troops. I saw the target disintegrate. The depth-charges exploded rather unexpectedly. They may have come from the vessel we had just sunk."

"It was comforting to think that those charges were having a worse effect on the troops in the water than on us."

When Lieut. Piper brought the submarine to periscope depth some minutes later, there was no sign of the other vessel or of the aircraft.

Ron Richards

turns of Musso's signature were always good on the autograph market for £10. Now you'd have a job to find a buyer at 10s.

On the other hand, Winston Churchill autographs were on the market in 1939 for 7s. 6d., and a complete letter written by him as a young election candidate was priced in Bond Street at only £2 10s.

You could multiply those sums by twenty to-day.

Or you could have a letter by Napoleon for £7, an autograph by the Duke of Wellington for £5 5s., Kipling's signature for £10, or that of H. G. Wells for 21s.

Autograph-collecting often seems just a kids' game—or crazy fun for film fans. Behind the scenes, autographs are part of a world-wide and intensively organised business.

To the professionals, signatures of film stars—even Betty Grable's or Chaplin's—are worth . . . just nothing.

Yet, despite a flooded market, a completely signed Bernard Shaw letter can still fetch £25—like the note from G.B.S., above.

William Foyle, bookseller, and one of the kings of the autograph game, sold one G.B.S. letter which was afterwards found to be a clever forgery. He had the happy idea of sending the fake to Shaw with a query as to its authenticity. And the resulting notes, in Shaw's own hand, on the subject of literary forgery, were worth big money.

Similarly, one of the professionals snatched a bargain at Sotheby's auction room the other day when he paid £3 5s. for an old album of signatures and letters from "princes and princesses, prelates and judges."

Or so the catalogue said, and many dealers did not scent the implied bargain. The album contained the autographs of Gladstone, Lewis Carroll, Jenny Lind, and others. When taken apart and severally priced, the album pages will show big profits.

Albert Myers, one of Britain's most experienced collectors, has had some wonderful finds. He was looking round a Mayfair mansion which was being sold and discovered a pile of papers in the cellar. "They're waiting for the dustman," said a maid.

Among the rubbish were parchments with the signatures of Mary Queen of Scots. And a letter, signed by Henry Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," was found in an attic and was priced at £750!

Then there is a Dickens letter worth £200, which was discovered by sheer chance in a stack of grocery bills. You never know what will turn up in the autograph world.

One of the most amazing discoveries of the war—if not of all time—came last year, when an old book passed through a London auction room and eventually reached an American library.

The book had been included as makeweight with other more important volumes, and was considered to be of little interest. Part of the title-leaf

had been crumpled by water, and a library binder was ironing out the wrinkles when he saw before him a signature that made him blink.

It was that of William Shakespeare. Only six others are known, and all known chemical and microscopic tests point to it being genuine.

It is practically priceless. So far as I know, no Shakespeare signature has ever been sold on the open market.

Top price, as yet, of the autograph world is the £13,000 paid for the signature of Button Gwinnett. He was a signatory of the Declaration of Independence, and as he was killed in a duel when still very young, few of his autographs exist. Yet 33 have been traced as yet; and on this basis Shakespeare's may be worth nearly £100,000.

It has been estimated that Britain has 500,000 autograph hunters, but only a few hundreds hunt for big money.

One of the best-known collectors, Mr. Reginald Hunt, amassed 12,000 autographs. The task took him twenty years.

Not for sale are his main treasures—a card on which 155 V.C.s have inscribed their names, and a letter from Lawrence of Arabia, explaining why he would not give an autograph—and signed by Lawrence!

Not for sale, either, are the signatures of every English king from George I, or the signatures of Nelson and Henry VIII.

Mr. Hunt's worst moment was when he sent a sheet of paper to Queen Marie of Rumania. It already bore the autographs of five reigning kings and queens. She lost it!

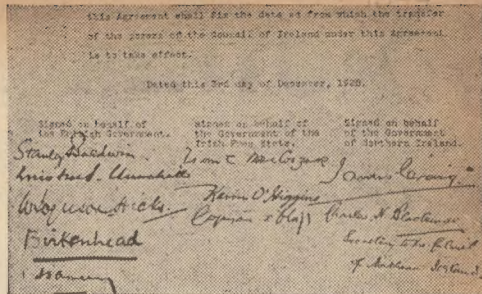
Undeterred, Mr. Hunt wrote again and again to Epstein, the sculptor, enclosing stamps. No reply came. Nor did the stamps. Eventually this ardent collector bagged the signature—from the delivery book of a van boy who had just visited the sculptor's house!

Another ardent collector, Major David Halstead, has albums with more than 32,000 signatures—including nearly every famous name you can ever think up.

Some hunters are so determined that they've boarded the same trains and ships as their prey. They say that it's fun—and that it's exciting. But, of course, it works both ways.

Watch your step, sailors, when you're decorated! Film stars faded out of the autograph field long ago, and it's the heroes who get that smile, that desperate fountain-pen . . . and that "Sign, please"!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



ANOTHER REVOLUTION BEGINS

I STARTED to break up house, selling what I could and giving the rest away. Then I had a stroke of luck. The Booth liner, "Gregory," came up to Iquitos. The "Gregory" was a ship I had sailed in years before. I had known the master, Captain Aspinall, when he was a mate. He is now retired and living on pension in Sefton Park, Liverpool.

I approached him with great diplomacy, asking, "What would you do if you found me stowed away in the 'Gregory'?"

"I'd make you work like hell, and dump you ashore at the first port," he said.

I showed him Dr. Dickey's letter, and told him I was hard-up. He rubbed his chin for a minute.

"Get on board. I'll take you to Barbados."

Knowing that I was sure of a job as soon as I reached Dr. Dickey, I had spent more than I intended. I then learned that Dr. Dickey had now severed his connection with the Customs service and left Santo Domingo City and was at the Ansonia sugar estate at Azua, down in the south of the island. I hurried to a post office and sent a telegram to Ansonia, saying I was in Santo Domingo—broke. That made a big hole in my five dollars. Then I hung round the post office like a thirsty remittance man, watching for the mail.

I spent a bad four hours picketing that post office. If Dr. Dickey had gone back to

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

PART XIV

the States there was not another soul I knew in the whole of Santo Domingo, and I should have to turn beachcomber for a living. And even that would be difficult, for no beachcomber can do himself justice if he has to prowling the waterfront carrying a two-year-old baby.

The people passing in the street seemed tough, even for Latin America. All were armed. When leaving the "Viking" I had noticed that every labourer on the wharves worked with a pistol in a holster strapped to his leg. There were many more Mausers than pairs of boots in the capital of the republic. The poorer sort of native had to content himself with a pata de mula, or mule's foot, as they call a sawn-off shotgun. It is an ugly-looking, clumsy weapon, but very effective at close quarters. Knives were just a sign of puberty, carried by every street arab of fourteen and over.

Being unarmed myself, I was beginning to feel almost undressed by the time the clerk brought me Dickey's telegraphed reply. He was still at Azua, and invited me to join him there.

When I arrived, I was allotted a room in the mess, and then Dickey explained how love and politics had thrown a spanner into the works as far as my immediate prospects in Santo Domingo were concerned. So I took the job as chief engineer of the "Viking," which carried a salary of twenty-five pounds. This lasted a few months, until I became superintendent of the Customs annexe, at the invitation of a bloke called Baxter.

This meant looking after the telephones and the lighting and refrigerating plant, buying for the mess, and bossing the men generally. The pay was forty-two dollars a week.

The cooking was done by the Chinese proprietor of the Shanghai Restaurant. You have to go a long way to beat John Chinaman where cooking is concerned.

The job came my way through a typical piece of Latin American peevishness. The original superintendent had been given notice for getting drunk and neglecting his work. A man named Whipple was appointed in his place. Whipple knew nothing of the working of the ammonia ice-plant. He stood his Spick predecessor a couple of drinks and asked to be shown the ropes.

The engineer was only too anxious to oblige. He ex-

plained a number of intricate adjustments and repeated them over and over again to make sure they were understood. All Whipple's thanks were gracefully waved aside. The pleasure, the Spick insisted, was his own. An hour later the engineer left town on a stolen mule, moving rapidly.

Whipple followed his instructions to the letter, and the ice-plant blew to pieces with a bang that was heard all over the city. Having barely escaped with his life, Whipple tried to explain to Baxter that he had been led up the garden by the disgruntled dago, but the chief replied with his usual "That may be" and fired him. And I succeeded Whipple.

When I introduced myself, Whipple grabbed my hand, saying, "Come and have a drink! I can't get out of here quick enough! Baxter hasn't the guts to call you a liar, but he's calling you one all the time. If I stay here listening to that old devil's 'That may be' any longer I'll flatten him with a spanner."

On July 4 a dance was held in the annexe. I helped with the decorations, which were mostly Stars and Stripes and Japanese lanterns. All the elite of the native population were invited, and the place soon reeked with brilliantine, perfume and garlic. Now, no grown man dances in cold blood, and since the doctor had forbidden me alcohol, I sat alone on the veranda outside, feeling low and dispirited.

About ten o'clock, when the dance was in full swing, Baxter came out and called me aside. I thought something had gone wrong with the lights. He said, "You lay off that punch-bowl and keep away from the cock-tails. I've already had to send Martin to his room. Now you're drunk, and I'll have to send you."

I tried to argue, but the old gentleman had made up his mind. I was so angry that I went up to town to Julia La Gallega's and got nicely stewed, in defiance of the doctor's orders. Next morning Baxter met me with his customary "How doo you doo?"

"Burke," he said, "I must congratulate you! You are the most sensible drunk I ever met. Last night, when I told you to keep away from that punch, you knew you were pickled, and went straight to your room. That's what I call a sensible drunk."

I did my best to explain that I was under the weather and had not had a drink for months, but could get no satisfaction beyond the eternal "That may be."

Baxter drank very little himself, and there were always half-a-dozen jugs in his cupboard, containing from a pint to a gallon. Sometimes the boys' stock ran out, and they would pilfer some of the old man's frozen capital to make punch. Thinking that he did not miss it, they treated themselves more and more generously with every raid. Then a case of whisky vanished in a night. Baxter told a lawyer named Vedder that I was a good fellow, but drank his rum.

The boys thought it a great joke that the only teetotaler

in the mess should be the scapegoat for their exuberant thirsts, but I began to get angry. I went to Baxter and told him that I did not tap his jugs, that the doctor would not let me drink, and that I could pay for my own rum—if I wanted it.

"That may be," was his only comment. I felt that I had heard that phrase just once too often, and resigned from the Customs service on the spot.

I then became second assistant-engineer at the sugar estate of San Isidro. The hours were long, and I did not much care for the job. However, when the grinding started in December I was put in charge of all the tugboats and wharf traffic, which was more to my taste. There was always something going on up and down the river.

In April the wise boys began to sniff the political atmosphere and prophesy revolution. There had not been one since the Bordas-Valdez affair, just prior to my arrival in the country. That was more than eighteen months before. President Jimenez was known to have quarrelled with his Minister of War, my friend Desiderio Arias.

The President did not live in the capital, but at Camberlin, sixteen miles out in the country. Not many Latin American Presidents are as foolish as that. So Arias seized Santo Domingo City and Forts Ozama and Santa Barbara, leaving Jimenez out in the cold.

Jimenez collected some troops and began to bombard the city and forts and to fire on the rebel soldiers who manned the town wall by the ancient gate called La Puerta de Conde. General Arache, formerly Captain of the Port, was across the river at Pajarito, shooting up at the forts, which shelled him in their turn.

This artillery duel was of direct interest to me, for it was my daily duty to steam down the river between the opponents, in charge of a tugboat towing sugar lighters and the molasses barge. As the shells were flying high overhead, however, I rather enjoyed the entertainment. Being a personal friend of Arias, I had no trouble in getting into the city. The rebel general had given orders that I was to come and go as I liked. The Jimenez soldiers sometimes stopped me up and down the river.

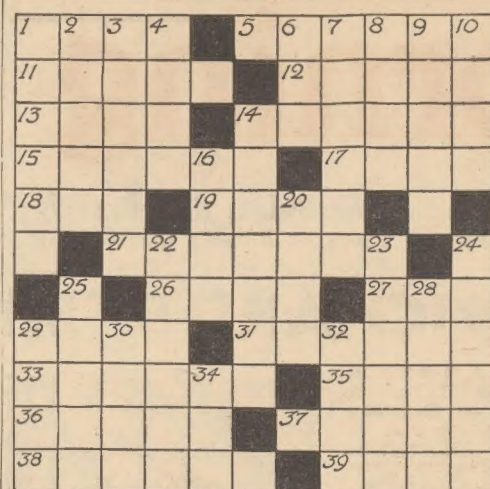
One day an old Porto Rican turned up at the estate, having travelled seventy-five kilometres overland from San Pedro de Macoris. He was an American citizen, and wanted to rescue his family, who were besieged in Santo Domingo. Mr. Steele, manager of San Isidro, told me to take the old gentleman down in the motor-launch, find the family, and bring them back.

I went into Port Ozama and told Arias my mission. He said, "All right, Burky, you have carta blanca." He seemed very cheerful, and when I asked him if he would win he answered, "Yes, if the goddam Yankees keep their noses out of it."

(To be continued)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Splendour.



5 Chatter.
11 Medicine from plant.
12 Grating sound.
13 Capital of Peru.
14 Loll.
15 Opposed.
17 Durable timber.
18 Number.
19 Red pigment.
21 Traveler.
26 Sort of knot.
27 Deer.
29 Young cricketer.
31 Bodyguard.
33 About.
35 Entice.
36 Sight error.
37 Theme of discourse.
38 Glides away.
39 Tax.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Roof of mouth. 2 Girl's name. 3 Importance.
4 Fruit. 6 Past. 7 Animal's. 8 Hop stem. 9 Boy's name. 10 Smoke. 14 Erudite. 16 Swing round.
20 Young animals. 22 Blunt. 23 Set of performers. 24 Discover. 25 Red shade. 28 Sort of Iris. 29 Young animal. 30 Bound easily. 32 Coagulate. 34 Meshed fabric.

YES GAFF HI
ENID VIOLIN
ADZE EXPERT
REEFER WEE
A INTAKE N
GRIND BESET
L NESTLE M
OWN RENDER
SIESTA EIRE
SPREAD RAGS
YE WREN LET

QUIZ for today

1. A rigadon is a small boat, pirate, Spanish policeman, dance, Irishman's pipe?
2. Who wrote (a) An Inland Voyage, (b) The Voyage of the Beagle?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Foot, Yard, Inch, Furlong, Acre, Mile, League.
4. Who was known as the Little Corporal?
5. What is the size of a tennis court?
6. Who was "dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe"?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Morass, Mortgage, Moribund, Murain, Missanthrope.

Answers to Quiz in No. 303

1. Vagrant.
2. (a) Max Pemberton, (b) Hal Caine.
3. Chameleon is a lizard; others are precious stones.
4. Kenya-Uganda line, 9,130 feet.
5. 1908.
6. Catherine, Catherine, Catherine, Ann, Anne, Jane.
7. Inheritor, Ignoramus.
8. Jackie Paterson.
9. 35 m.p.h.
10. Acorn.
11. Stockholm.
12. Perry.

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



HELPING LITTLE BROTHER WONG.

Well, there isn't much difference between little Brother Wong's wooden nursery guard and the nursery guards we have in Britain for Little Brother Bill. Except that Little Brother Wong has his ration of rice, and here is being fed with chopsticks by the eldest of the family. And if you look at Little Brother Wong closely you'll see the same expression on his face as often comes into that of Little Brother Bill. "Have I got to eat all this stuff, really?"

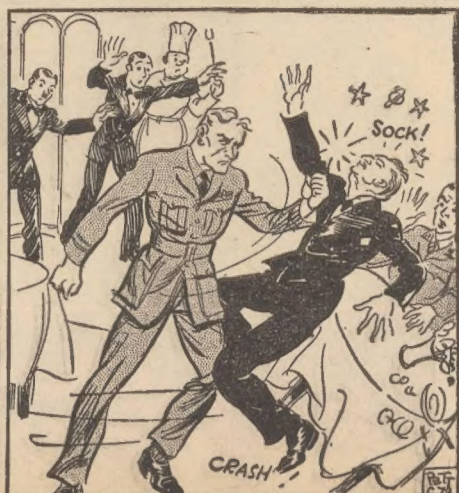
WANGLING WORDS—259

1. Put a box in ORRA, and make music.
2. Rearrange the letters of TOIL TEARS, to make a famous philosopher.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BROWN into WHITE, BUNK into AWAY, AIRS into TUNE, SMITH into JONES.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from TEMPERAMENTAL?

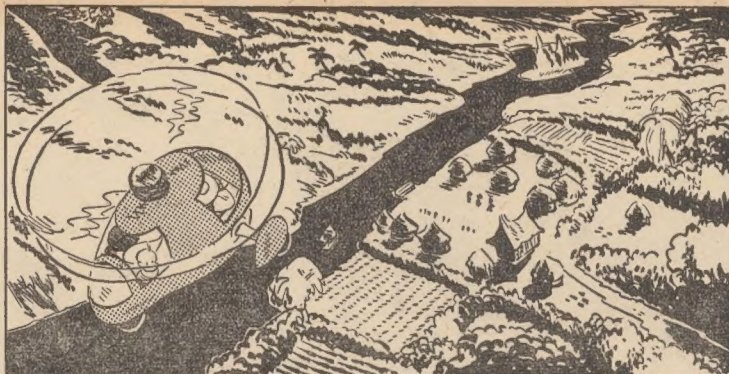
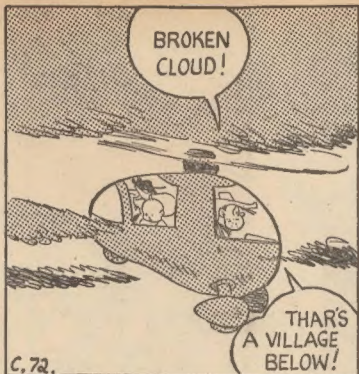
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 258

1. BEVERIDGE.
2. POOR HOUSE.
3. DUKE, DUNE, DONE, DOLE, DOLL, DULL, FULL, FURL, CURL, CURE, CARE, CARS, EARS, EARL, KING, KIND, BIND, BEND, LEND, LEAD, LEAR, ALONE, ATONE, STONE, SHONE, SHORE, SPORE, SPORT, APORT, APART, SIDE, SITE, SITS, PITS, AITS, ARTS, ARMS.
4. Rich, Star, Rats, Arts, Stir, Hist, This, City, Scar, Shin, Shay, Chat, Char, Chit, Chin, Stay, Tarn, Cast, Cart, Cant, Rain, Rant, Thin, Than, etc.
Saint, Stain, Satin, Train, Chain, Chair, Tarns, Rants, Chars, Rains, Stair, Antic, etc.

JANE



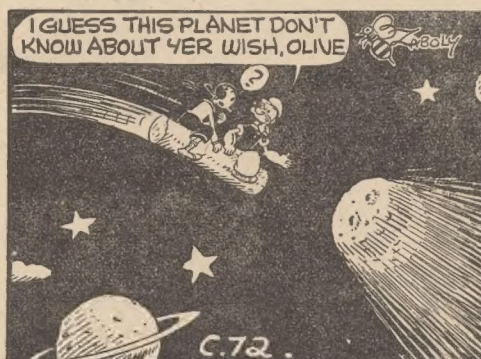
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



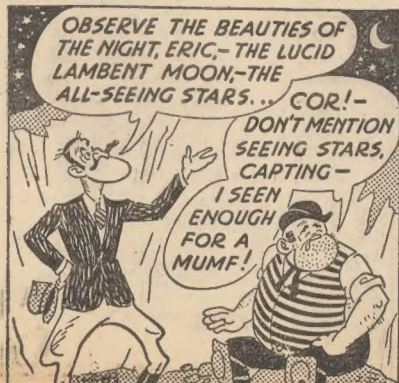
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

NEW SUPER-BOMBER.

I AM indebted to a high officer of a certain Allied Air Force for the following particulars of the new COD super-bomber designed by Wool Worth, the famous American stratospherist.

This machine, which will shortly be in full production, has a wing span of at least twice as much and will be propelled by half as many again of the new motorless engines (or engineless motors, I am not quite certain).

Run on a mixture of ullage and demurrage, it will carry three times as big a load for, probably, twice the distance in next to no time. The COD carries a crew of just under umpteen men and will fly as high as right up.

Whilst the bomber is characterised by a combination of unusual simplicity and extraordinary complexity, it takes ever so long to build. Recent tests prove that it will accomplish ever so much in all sorts of ways.

Its only serious disadvantage seems to be that its cost bears no relation to its efficacy—that is, judged by expert calculations which have proved nothing.

Its appearance is unusual, for it looks like a cross between the Leaning Tower of Pisa and Stonehenge.

X X X X

A BUSY MINISTER.

MEETING the Right Hon. Richard Dithery the other evening at the Sahibs, I was able to congratulate him on his appointment as Minister without Portmanteau.

"Dicky" Dithery, it will be recalled, did yeoman service during the last war as Controller of Superintendents of Supervisors of Staff Substitutes, a position for which he was eminently qualified by his long experience as Professor of World Finuchery at Gosport.

At the outbreak of the present war he was made Minister for Mothercraft, and occupied, subsequently, the posts of Secretary of State for Surpluses, Minister of State in the Antarctic, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Chester.

In reply to my query as to how he liked his present job, he told me that he had had no time, as yet, to get down to it.

He was still engaged in clearing up details in connection with the schemes he sponsored for Mothercraft Missions, the Segregation of Surplus Spinsters, the Liquidation of the Frozen Assets of Patagonia, and the Classification of Cheshire Cheese and the Control of Cheshire Cats.

"Dicky," who is a cheery bird, hopes, however, to be able shortly to get to work on a couple of plans which have for long been very near to his heart—Bonuses for Bachelors' Babies and Assistance for Art and Agriculture amongst Australian Aborigines.

He is also Chairman of the new greyhound racing track just erected on Tristan da Cunha, as an expression of the new spirit of responsibility for Far Off Little Bits of Empire.

He is President, too, of the Society for the Suppression of Chronic Hiccoughs, and "Chief Dadda" of the Pessimistic Parents' Union.

"Dicky" married Mona Lisa, eldest daughter of the last Doge of Venice and Venus de Milo, the famous professional beauty.

X X X X

A DENIAL.

I AM able to deny, on the best authority, that there is any truth in the rumour that General Franco, the head of the Spanish State, is related to either Ronald, the well-known comedian, or to Guilbert, the author. It is suggested that the report originated in Nazi circles and was circulated with a desire to complicate the genuine desire for better relations between Spain and ourselves.

X X X X

ODO DREW, FAILED M.P.

ONE of the results of the last war was such an extension of the franchise that nowadays everybody has a vote. I would like to suggest that after this war fifty per cent. of votes are taken away. I may be, of course, a bit bitter.

The reason? Being approached recently to stand as a candidate for a certain constituency, I was turned down after I had addressed the local bigwigs. And all I said was—

"I cannot subscribe to any local funds as I haven't got the money. I can't promise anything, because as a private Member no one will let me do anything. As I shall have to do what I am told, it doesn't matter a damn whether or not I have any ideas of my own."

"From what I have seen of the average voter, he hasn't got any ideas that could possibly be put into effect. And, finally, as the electorate has not been consulted on any definite major issue for twenty years, what the hell?"

Another bloke on the short list said he stood for a new heaven and a new earth; so he was unanimously chosen to stand.

**Good
Morning**

This England

Hambleden Mill on a
Thames backwater,
near Henley.



"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"



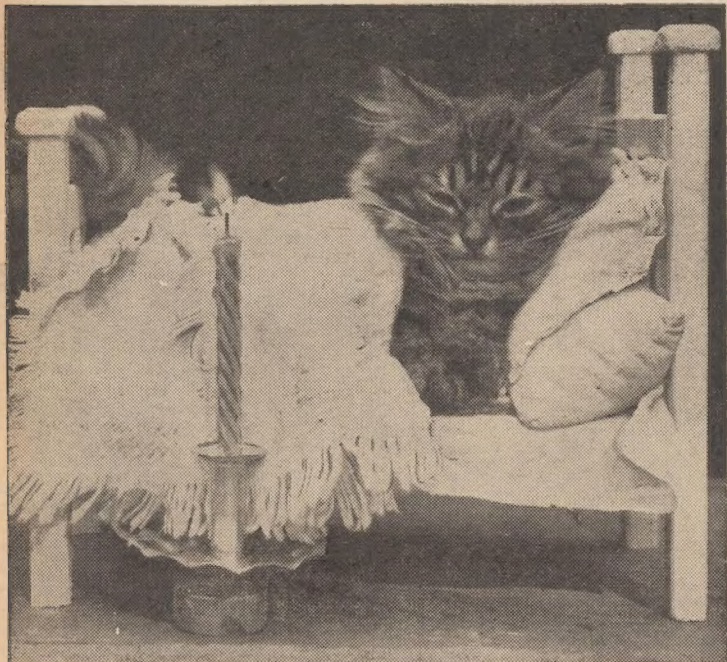
There's nothing like starting young if you mean to
go places, or even if you mean to stay put—on the
pavement.

"WAS THE WATER
COLD, SISTER?"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"This sort does me,
this weather."



"BUT, SURELY, CATS DON'T NEED
A LIGHT AT NIGHT"